

# The Newberry Herald.

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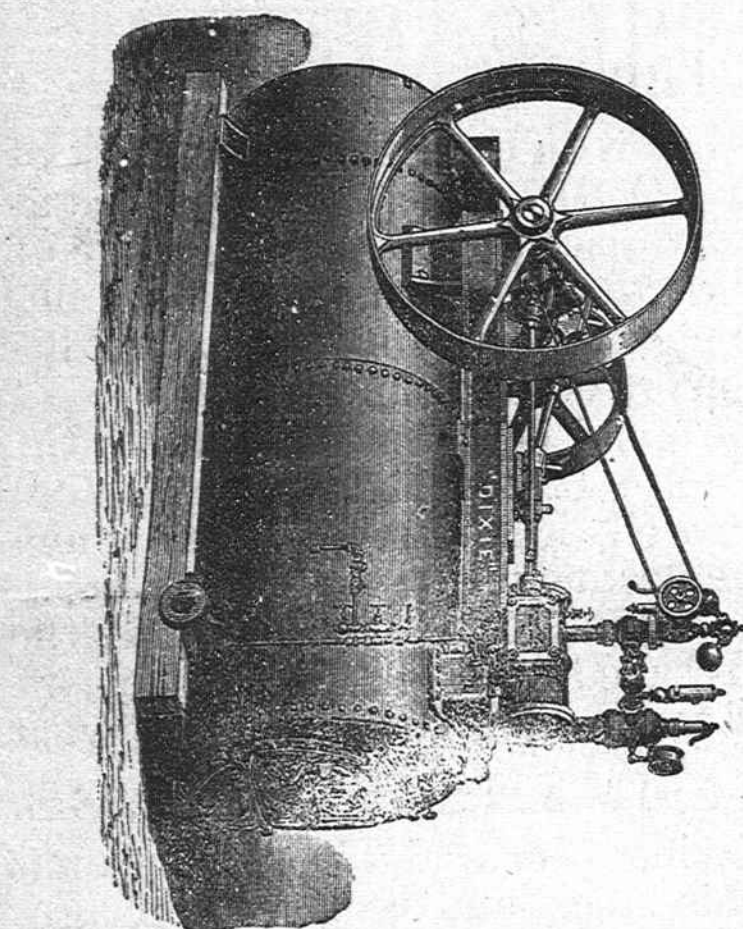
## Miscellaneous.

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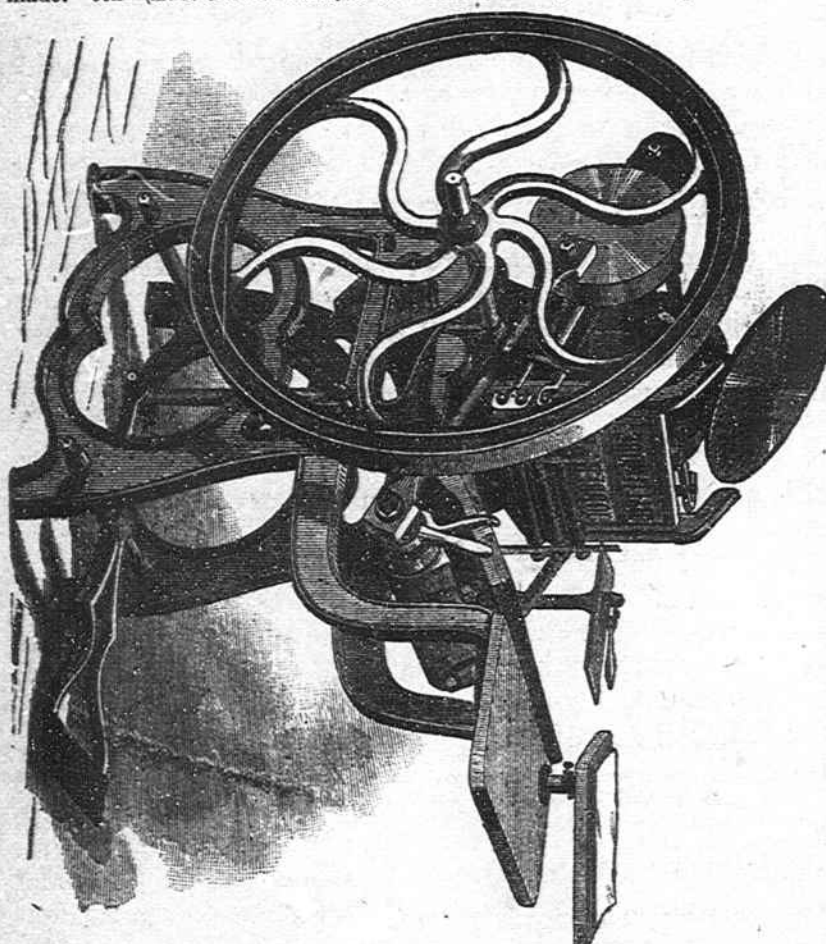
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## Poetry.

Written for Home and Farm  
IN MEMORIAM

Of Gen. James Conner, of South Carolina, my  
old and beloved Schoolmate.

I.  
They call you "General" in the field!  
And mid the forum's bloodless band,  
The white round of your vestal shield  
Blazed in high, unflinching hand!

II.  
But oh! to me, thro' gathering tears  
Your ripened fame seems far and dim.  
I can but dream of schoolboy-years  
Which echo clearly, "Paul," and "Jim!"

III.  
I smile your shoulder, as of old,  
I catch your voice of glad replies,  
I feel your strong arm round me fold,  
I drink the light of loyal eyes!

IV.  
Yes! claim his manhood all that may—  
Its sunset flame, its noontide joy—  
But mine his pure, auroral day;  
Keep ye the man! leave me the boy!

V.  
O'er his dead form, so married with care  
I view a brave young Viking's grace!  
The sea-breeze captured in his hair,  
The sunrise on his mild face

VI.  
Hence is it with no thought of wrong,  
I dare to pass before you all,  
And drop this rose of morning-song  
To brighten his gray funeral pall!

## Miscellaneous.

**MR. SPEER'S SPEECH**

TO THE  
GRADUATING CLASS BOYS HIGH  
SCHOOL OF ATLANTA.

When Mr. Speer came forward on the stage, he was greeted with much applause. He was handsomely introduced by Prof. Bass, principal, and spoke as follows:

Young Gentlemen of the Graduating Class: Your orator this evening is in entire sympathy with you. It has been such a very, very short while since he stood up to take his diploma, as you will do tonight, that he feels quite as one of you—"one of the boys," you know. You will therefore have no long, patronizing discourse, but simply a so-called little talk, just as one of the Seniors at College might talk to a Freshman, if indeed a Senior was ever so condescending as to talk to a Freshman.

You are out of school for vacation, and that is very pleasant for awhile, and you will enjoy it immensely for a while. But pleasures in this life of ours are not very permanent. Burns, in melodious versification tells us that

"Pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."  
And a more modern philosopher, quaint old "Uncle Remus," in his plantation proverbs, cautions us, "Watch out when you are gettin' all you want. Fattenin' hogs ain't in luck." [Laughter.] You can't do better therefore with your vacation than to devote a little time to reflection on the work that is before you—whether you will enter at once on the life long duties which fall to the lot of every useful man, or whether you are to serve an apprenticeship to science and literature in the work of the College or the University.

That you have been studious and diligent, young gentlemen, your efforts to-night give abundant evidence. That you "are of the stuff that men are made of," your looks, your parentage, your blood, your State, your country are the guarantors. As far as you have gone, you have been well trained—excellently well—and in the substratum of brain and character there is well laid the clear-cut foundation on which you may build the sturdy and enduring structure of thorough education, embellished, beautified and enlarged with liberal culture. Ah, my friends, what immeasurable advantages you have in this elemental training. How many of us there are, with our knowledge of its importance; with our experience of its advantages, even when gleaned on the fields which had just been torn by the horrors of revolution, who would rejoice if we could take back the years that are irrevocably gone, and stand as you stand, with your opportunities, past and future, at the gate of the curriculum; with your hardened and well-drilled familiarity; with the principles of

mathematics; with that thorough knowledge of the rudiments of the classics, which will at once open to you the treasures of antiquity, and give to you a copious and select mastery of your own language.

Would that every boy and girl in this State of Georgia, that we love so well and of which you have spoken so patriotically, could possess the superior training which is conferred on their pupils by the schools of the city of Atlanta. [Applause.]

You, my friends, are the young athletes, eager to contend in the more than Olympic trials, where the mind is developed, as were the bodies of the Grecian youth in that great festival of ancient tribes. Remember the classical adage: "He who wears the palm must toil in the dust of the arena." You have done much; you have done well; but it was Napoleon who said to one of his officers: "Nothing is done while anything remains undone."

There is one thought which I desire to impress to night on such of you as will go from your studies here to the work of the College or University. The purpose of all education is to discipline the mind. You will find in the curriculum of your college studies a great deal of work that you will possibly think of no practical use in the every-day business of life. Do not neglect this work. It is useful, most useful, to you. The pugilist who strikes out by the hand right and left at the sand bag suspended before him, forgets the bag when he toes the mark in the face of his foe; but that practice has developed his muscles, hardened his fist, improved his mind, given to him the quick eye and unerring aim, and maybe the unimportant looking sand-bag has given him the victory. My simile is rather inelegant, but a boy will understand it. So it is with this college work, which may seem valueless to you. It is to exercise the mind. Do not despise the culture, even while students, which comes from general literature, but let the text books prescribed by your instructors be your prime consideration. Win the honors of your class, if possible.

These were not always my views. I held to the idea once that a student by selecting the studies in which he most excelled, and devoting his time chiefly to them, would get the best education. I had a long controversy with a class-mate on this subject. He upheld the curriculum. I upheld the doctrine of the selection of the fittest. The result was that he stood at the head of his class, and I stood—well never mind where I stood. [Laughter.] He was right. He is a Judge now, and can fine me, and make me take my seat, and all that sort of thing; and while I have the privilege of speaking to boys on this occasion, I see from the papers that he enjoys the delightful pleasure of going away to college commencements and making speeches to girls, "the sweet girl graduates." [Laughter.] Public speeches, I mean, of course.

Now, the failure in my theory was this. A boy cannot tell exactly what the natural bent of his genius is. He may think he can, but he can't. Now the curriculum of studies, which are general in their range, is apt to quicken his genius somewhere, if has genius, and if he hasn't got genius, they will quicken his solid horse sense, which all in all is a great deal better than genius. Your genius is an uncertain citizen, and is usually very nearly a crank, and as "P. Pilgrick Pigwiggan" said, is "as tetchy as a skinned cat." [Laughter and applause.]

These opinions are the result of observation and experience, which are the best teachers after all. So, work hard on the text books, and when you have finished your College course, you will bring to the study of general literature the keen appreciation of its charms which belongs to the educated mind. I know it is said by College boys that intense application breaks down the health, and boys say they don't intend to kill themselves with study. I wonder what becomes of all the boys who die from too much study. We never see any notice of

them in the obituary columns. I believe it was "Sam Weller" who told the credulous "M. Pickwick" he had never seen a dead donkey or a dead post-boy, and that when it came time for them to quit this world the post-boy mounted the donkey and they rode off to spirit-land together. [Laughter.] I suppose the boy who kills himself with hard study disappears in some mysterious way. Perhaps his classmates do with him as the British soldiers did with Sir John Moore: "They buried him darkly at the dead of night,  
The sod with their bayonets turning."

Or perhaps they took the advice of Max Adler, the obituary poet, who sang:  
"O bury Bartholomew out in the woods,  
In a beautiful hole in the ground;  
Where the woodpecker sings and the bumblebee hums,  
And the straddle bugs tumble around."

[Great laughter.]  
No, my dear boys, as much as we love you, we are willing for you to incur the risk of too much application. Now, don't make the mistake of thinking that the mastery of the college studies, which are simply the keys to the understanding, are the object of education. They are nothing of the sort. I have known men who after they had left college had become so thoroughly imbued with their college studies, that they thought nothing more worthy of their attention than to construe some difficult passage in the classics or to solve some abstruse problem of mathematics. Take the advice of Dr. McCosh, the old Scotch President of Princeton College, "Make your studies" first circumferential, then central. Travel diligently around the curriculum in college, and then concentrate your energies on the profession or the occupation by which you will make your bread and butter. And now, young gentlemen, let me give you what the Bailiff in Kerry Gow calls "a word in sayson." Don't smoke. Don't chew. Don't bet on any thing. And above all, don't drink. [Applause.] You are going away from home for the first time. Parental authority will be left behind; but ah, how the anxiety of the manly father, who maybe is denying himself and the rest of the family, to give his boy, of whom he is so proud, a college education, how it will go out to you; and the prayers of that dear mother, who nursed you when you were a little mewling baby, and whose life is a long consecrated sacrifice to you, how they will follow you. Have the manhood to say no. "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." This is the wisdom of Solomon. Avoid a bar-room as you would the small-pox. Smoking is not so bad, but it is bad enough. A boy don't have to smoke to become a man. I see little fellows not much taller than a quart pot, going about smoking cigarettes, and befouling the pure air of Heaven with their cheap abominations. [Laughter.] Ridiculous little creatures. The bare exertion of suction keeps the diminutive smoker as thin as a batter cake. Tobacco is very hurtful to youth, especially in the form of cigarettes. If you must smoke, wait until you are men, and then if you are unlucky enough to get a tempestuous companion for life, you can smoke while she storms, and you can say with Jupiter "Juno, try the weed."

This last thought reminds me while you are in college your spare time had best be devoted largely to the society of nice young ladies. It will do you good, and unless they have changed very recently, it will do them good. [Laughter.] And besides the prescription is very pleasant—no ill effect unless taken in too large quantities. The best boys I ever knew were fond of the girls, and the best men are fond of the ladies. A young gentleman who associates habitually with the good girls, is not likely to do any thing very mean. The boys who do the meanness are those who sit around on the dry goods boxes, in front of the stores, and laugh at the boys who go with the girls. Of course you will fall in love, but that is not dangerous. It is usually epidemic in this climate, and while the symptoms are sometimes threatening the patient generally recovers. [Laughter.] I dare say you don't need much encouragement in this direction. Most boys think that if they are not in a great hurry to get engaged, the whole crop of girls will be exhausted, and there won't be enough to go round. I think this is a mistake. When you get to studying political economy, you will find that the supply is generally regulated by the demand, and you can afford to wait at least till you get out of the Freshman class. But don't neglect your studies for the girls. Cynics may say what they please, but take my word for it, a good girl who is worth having, thinks more of a man if he is successful in what he undertakes, and if he does his duty, far more than she does of a little languishing dude who hangs around her, sighing like a furnace, and penning a sonnet to his mistress's "eye brow." And they are right. Parenthetically, I remark they are always right. What would this world be without them, says Robbie Burns:

"There's naught but care on ev'ry ban,  
I've hour that passes, O!  
What signifies the life of man,  
An' 'twere na for the lassies, O?"

And Nature swears the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O!  
Her proudest ha' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lassies, O!"

There is no telling the beneficent influence on the young of Georgia bestowed by the good girls of our college towns. There are matrons perhaps in this audience to-night—very young matrons—who have done more to inspire the collegians of post bellum times with noble aspirations than all other causes put together. They are the people who saved the State.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I trust you will pardon me for this long talk. I am sure the graduating class of 1883 of the Boys' High School will confer honor on Atlanta and Georgia, as they have done on themselves and their teachers, to-night. They may not all win honors. Some will be defeated. It is inevitable, and it is not a very bad thing for a young fellow who does his best to be defeated some times. [Great applause.] "Sweet are the uses of adversity," which, "like the toad ugly and venomous wears yet a precious jewel in his crown," or in more homely phrase, as "Uncle Remus" says: "Trouble is seasoning, Simmons ain't good till dey er frostbit." [Laughter and applause.]

We send you forth not with doubt but with confidence. Be true to your parentage, to your home, to your names, and above all

to think own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

[Prolonged applause.]  
I congratulate you on your excellence. I congratulate the board of education on the magnificent work they are doing. I congratulate you on your speeches to-night, and especially on that spirit of patriotism wherein they breathe a love for our whole country, and for the whole more than for a part. These are sentiments worthy of the youth of Georgia.

WINGED THROES OF THEM.—A Dakota schoolmistress sued three young men for breach of promise. Counsel for one of the defendants moved for a nonsuit on the ground that she was too promiscuous. The court seemed disposed to grant the motion, whereupon the plaintiff asked:

"Judge, did you ever go duck shooting?"

His honor's eye lighted up with the pride of a sportsman as he answered:

"Well, I should say so; and many's the time that I've brought down a dozen at a shot."

"I knew it," eagerly added the fair plaintiff; "that's just the case with me, judge. These fellows besieged me and I winged three of them." The motion for a nonsuit was denied.

A Georgia colored mother dreamed she was beating up cornmeal for bread, and when she awoke in the morning she found her baby dead—nearly every bone in its body being broken.

## PILLS INSTEAD OF BULLETS.

ROMANTIC AND FATAL DUEL AT OLD NEW ORLEANS.

A duel, fatal to one of the principals and yet novel in nature, is detailed by a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It was between two young men of Crescent City, and occurred over forty years ago. The young men were Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere, and the cause of the duel was the success of the former in wooing Mme. Celestin. Riviere sought out Delagrave and found him in a gambling saloon. Riviere was very pale as he approached the group of men around the table. What with the yellow light shining through the curtains and his bloodless appearance, he seemed rather a ghastly corpse than a living body, but there was motion and a voice in him which soon dispelled such an illusion.

As he neared Delagrave the latter turned to confront him, when Riviere, with a voice that seemed to come from behind the door of a tomb, said, "Delagrave, we cannot live on this globe together; it is not large enough."

Delagrave, quietly puffing his cigarette, in a cold and impressive tone replied, "Yes; you annoy me. It would be better if you were dead."

Riviere's face flushed, and reaching forwards he laid the back of his hand gently against Delagrave's cheek. The game was at once interrupted. The slap, which was so light it did not even crimson the young man's cheek, was enough to call for blood, and leaving the house he sought an intimate friend; to him he opened his heart: "It must be a battle to the death." Such was the enmity between himself and Riviere only a life could wipe it up. The old Doctor who had grown up, it might be said, on the field, shrugged his shoulders and remonstrated, but at last acquiesced and said: "Very well, then; it shall be to the death."

Few people knew what sort of a party it was driving down the shell road bordering Bayou St. John. Two carriages stopped just on the bridge leading to the island formed there by the bifurcation of the bayou, and four gentlemen alighted. Savalle, a well known character here forty years ago, accompanied Riviere and old Dr. Rooquet was with Delagrave. The seconds had met previously and arranged everything. Delagrave, as he stepped from the carriage, looked furtively around for the cases of pistols, but, seeing none, he was a little disconcerted. "After walking about 100 yards from the carriages the party stopped and the Doctor motioned them to approach closer. When they had done so, he called them by name and said: "Gentlemen, we have discussed this matter nearly all of last night, and both Mr. Savalle and myself feel satisfied that there is no solution to the difference between you but the death of one. The world is so formed that one cannot live in it at the same time."

The two nodded. "Therefore," the Doctor went on, "we agreed to make the arbitrament as fair as it is possible and let fate decide." He took out a black morocco case and from it produced a pill box containing four pellets. "One of these," said he, "contains a positively fatal dose of prussic acid, the other three are harmless. We have agreed, that each shall swallow two of the pills, and let destiny decide." Savalle inclined his head, and said, as the representative of Riviere, he agreed.

The two men were pale, almost bloodless, but not a nerve trembled or muscle contracted. "Gentlemen," said the doctor, "we will toss for the first pill." Savalle cried out "tails," as the glittering gold piece revolved in the air. It fell in a bunch of grass, the blades of which, being separated, showed the coin with the reversed head of the Goddess of Liberty uppermost. "Mr. Delagrave, you have the first choice," said the doctor.

Reposing in the little box, the four little globes seemed the counterpart of each other. The closest scrutiny would not develop the slightest difference. Nature alone,

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TERMS CASH.

through the physiological alchemy of the human stomach, can tell of their properties. In one there rests the pall of eternity, the struggle for breath, the falling of sight, the panorama of years rushing in an instant through the mind, the silence and peace of sleep forevermore, the ceremonies, the burial case, the solemn cortege, and the close, noisome atmosphere of the grave. All these were contained in one of these little pellets. Delagrave, having won the first choice, stepped forward and took a pill. With a calmness which was frigid he placed it on his tongue, and with a cup of claret, handed him by the Doctor washed it down.

"And now, Mr. Riviere," said the Doctor. Riviere extended his hand and took a pill.

Like his opponent, he swallowed it.

The two men stood looking one another in the face. There was not a quiver to the eyelid, not a twitch of a muscle. Each was thinking of himself as well as watching his adversary. One minute passed. Two minutes passed. Three. Four. Five. "Now, gentlemen."

This was the fatal choice. Both men were ready for the cast of the die. Savalle tossed the gold piece aloft and the Doctor cried out "heads." "Heads" it was, and Delagrave took a pill from the box, leaving only one.

"Now," said the Doctor, "Mr. Riviere, the remaining one is for you. You will please swallow them together."

The two men raised their hands at the same time and deposited the pills on their tongues and took a draught of claret.

One second passed and there was no movement. Then "Good God!" exclaimed Riviere, his eyes starting from their sockets, half-round to the left, raised his hand above his head and shrieked a long, wild shriek that belated travelers even to this day say they hear on the shell road near the island.

He fell prone to the earth, and, save a nervous contraction of the muscles of the face, there was no movement.

Delagrave took him by the hand as he lay on the damp grass and said in a tender voice: "I regret it, but it was to be."

The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, and for weeks the cafes were agog with the story of the duel. The beautiful widow, horrified at the affair, would never see Delagrave afterward, and is now a happy grandmere on Bayou Lafourche, having married a wealthy planter two years after the fatal event.

Delagrave, weighed down with the trials of an unhappy life, wrinkled and tottering, strolls along Canal street of warm afternoons assisted by a negro servant. Having a bare competency, he has never actually suffered from want; but he shows evidence of great mental anguish. The sight of a pill box makes him shudder and the taste of claret will give him convulsions."

NEXT THING TO IT.—"Isn't that pretty steep?" replied a man who was asking for a railroad ticket to Lansing yesterday morning.

"Usual rate, sir."

"But don't you sometimes make a discount?"

"Sometimes—to clergymen. Are you a clergyman?"

"Well not exactly," slowly replied the man as he scratched his ear, "but I reckon I'm the next thing to it. I've stood by and seen my dog all chewed up and never wanted to lick the owner of the other animal."

He paid full fare.—Detroit Free Press.

As a rule less attention is given the pig-pen than the stable, and the swine which are kept constantly in confined quarters are much more liable to become diseased when neglected than any other live stock. Clean quarters for pigs will well repay their owners.

When the mate of a wild goose dies it never takes another. Human widows are not such geese.